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Theo. W. Koch

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THE  
GARLAND  
OF  
FLOWERS;  
COMPOSED OF  
CUPID AND PSYCHE,  
FROM THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS.

ANONYMOUS.

AND

OF ODES,

CHIEFLY

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

BY T. J. MATHIAS, ESQ.

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## ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND ENGLISH EDITION.

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A FEMALE relation of the author's having seen a manuscript version of the story of *Cupid and Psyche*, from the *Golden Ass* of *Apuleius*, mentioned it to him as a subject peculiarly susceptible of poetical embellishment, and recommended him to attempt it. He at one time thought of giving an analysis of the fable, but, finding that each commentator explained almost every subordinate circumstance in a different manner, he resolved to decline the task. It may, however, be proper to remark, that in the main point they all agree; and when we consider that *Apuleius* was a Platonist and a Mystic, and that he is perpetually recurring to the rites and cabbala of the many religious fraternities into which he had been initiated we can scarcely doubt that, by the adventures and marriage of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, he meant to typify, after various trials and probations, the final union of the soul of man to Divine Love in a state of immortality: although it must at the same time be confessed that he throws no small obscurity over his allegory, by substituting the person and attributes of *Cupid* the son of *Venus*, for those of the elder *Cupid*, born of the egg of *Night*, and coeval with *Chaos*.

The story runs through the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the Romance of the *Golden Ass*, and is told by an old woman to a captive lady in a cave of robbers.

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THIS charming Poem, of which two editions appeared within a short time in London, is, from its quarto size and its consequent high price, almost unknown to the lovers of Poetry in this country. The author has not given the Public the satisfaction of knowing the name of so sweet a bard—true merit is too often solicitous of obscurity. We derive no little pleasure from the expectation that by comprising this elegant production in a reduced and less expensive form we may be enabled to make it known as generally as it merits.....AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

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# CUPID AND PSYCHE.

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## I.

O STAY those tears ! the beldam cries,  
Ill dreams good fortunes oft forerun,  
Like clouds which skirt the morning skies,  
But melt before the noon-day sun.

Chase from thy soul this idle grief,  
And let my words thine ear engage ;  
Thy fears perchance may find relief,  
E'en from the garrulous tales of age.

## II.

Once stately reign'd a king and queen,  
As bards of other times have told,  
The happiest that were ever seen  
To flourish in the days of old.

Three daughters bless'd their nuptial bed ;  
 Two daughters exquisitely fair,  
 Who many a fond youth captive led,  
 Made many a hapless youth despair.

The youngest—but no tongue so warm,  
 Though matchless eloquence be given,  
 May dare pourtray her finish'd form,  
 The ' prodigality of heaven !'

Say, to delight the wondering earth,  
 Does she amongst us mortals roam,  
 Who from the blue deep took her birth,  
 Her nurture from the sparkling foam ?

O'er her warm cheek's vermilion dye,  
 Waves, lightly waves, her dark-brown hair ;  
 Bright as the winter star her eye,  
 Yet peaceful as the summer air.

No one to Paphos takes his way,  
 Gnidos, Cythera, charm no more ;  
 No throngs, with votive chaplets gay,  
 The *immortal* VENUS now adore.

*Her* temples all in ruin lie,  
 Her altars cold, to dust resign'd,  
 Her withering garlands flap, and fly,  
 And rustle in the hollow wind.

Whilst on the mortal maid they shower  
 The incense they to *her* should bring,  
 And offer to this fairer flower  
 The fairest flow'rets of the spring.

From isles afar, from distant lands,  
 Unnumber'd votaries press around,  
 And view entranc'd, with folded hands,  
 Celestial footsteps print the ground.

To her young girls their wishes breathe,  
 Commend the fond youth to her care ;  
 Bind round her brows the rosy wreath,  
 And sigh to her the ardent prayer.

### III.

Parent of nature, nurse of joy,  
 From whom the elements arise ;  
 Thou to whom Ida's shepherd boy  
 Rightly adjudg'd the golden prize,

○ VENUS ! will thy better part,  
 Immortal love, incline to spare ;  
 Or female envy taint thy heart,  
 And plant the Fiend of Vengeance there ?

VENUS has called her winged child,  
 And with malignant pleasure laugh'd,  
 That boy who lawless, wicked, wild,  
 At random aims the flaming shaft ;

Him, who all deeds of darkness owns,  
 Who breaks so oft the nuptial tie,  
 And, whilst his luckless victim groans  
 On careless pinions flutters by.—

The dangerous Power, to PSYCHE'S bower  
 She with vindictive fury led,  
 And bade him thus his vengeance shower  
 On the detested virgin's head :—

“ By a mother's sacred name,  
 “ By thine arrows tipp'd with flame,  
 “ By the joys which often borrow  
 “ Of Despair most bitter sorrow,  
 “ Make thy parent's rival know  
 “ Unimaginable woe !  
 “ May her youth's unequal'd bloom  
 “ Unrequited love consume,

" For some wretch of abject birth,  
 " Wandering outcast of the earth ;  
 " Be for him her fond heart torn,  
 " May e'en he her torments scorn,  
 " That all womankind may see  
 " What it is to injure me.  
 " Make thy parent's rival know,  
 " Unimaginable woe !"

Then kiss'd her son, and fleet as wind  
 She seeks old Ocean's dark-green caves—  
 Her ivory feet with roses twin'd  
 Brush lightly o'er the trembling waves:

#### IV.

Young PSYCHE still more beauteous grows,  
 She seems unconscious of her charms ;  
 Yet no one plucks this opening rose,  
 She takes no suitor to her arms.



Each sister shines a regal bride,  
 In sweet connubial union blest ;  
 Each moves conspicuous in the pride  
 Of scepter'd state and ermin'd vest.

But PSYCHE owns no lawful lord,  
 She walks a goddess from above ;  
 All saw, all prais'd and all ador'd,  
 But no one ever dar'd to love.

Yet half-form'd wishes still will ply  
 With feverish dreams the unpractis'd mind,  
 When ' the clos'd eye unknowing why,'  
 Its wonted slumbers fails to find.

Though the blank heart no passion owns,  
 Some soft ideas will intrude,  
 And the sick girl in silence moans  
 Her dull unvaried solitude !

## V.

Her father sees his darling's grief,  
 Suspects the jealous wrath of heaven,  
 Hopes from the Oracle relief,  
 And asks the fate the Gods had given.

“ On the mountain summit laid  
 “ In her grave-clothes be the maid.  
 “ Never shall thine eyes behold  
 “ Son-in-law of mortal mould ;  
 “ But a monster girt with wings,  
 “ Fiercest of created things,  
 “ Scattering flames his hours employing,  
 “ Heaven alike and earth annoying :  
 “ Him the dread decrees of fate  
 “ Destine for thy daughter's mate.”

Graceful his silver tresses flow—  
 He does not rend his hoary hair,  
 He utters not the shriek of woe,  
 Nor vents the curses of despair.

He does not wring his aged hands,  
 No tear drop fills his frozen eye ;  
 But as a statue fix'd he stands  
 In speechless, senseless agony !

## VI.

'Tis hard to force its better part  
 From the distracted soul away ; .  
 But heaven decrees—man's bursting heart  
 In vain repines—he must obey !

Now rose the unauspicious morn,  
 Mantling in clouds the lowering skies,  
 When from her parents must be torn  
 The victim of the Destinies.

Loud wailings fill the troubled air,  
 Cold tremors every heart assail,  
 And the low murmurs of despair  
 Ride sullen on the hollow gale.

Onward the sad procession goes :

Do wedding guests then creep so slow ?

Say, is it from the bridemaids flows

The long and sable stole of woe ?

And who are they, who, rob'd in white,

Their black funereal torches wave,

Which shed around such pale blue light

As issues from the dead man's grave ?

They are the bridal train—yet mark,

They carol loud with tuneful breath :

'Tis not the song of marriage—hark !

They slowly chant the dirge of Death.

The mountain's utmost height they gain,

They pour the agonizing prayer ;

For soon the melancholy train

Must leave the sad devoted fair.

Yet PSYCHE chides the tears that fall,  
 E'en in her shroud o'er masters fear,  
 Wraps round her beauteous limbs the pall,  
 And dauntless mounts the bridal bier.

## VII.

O SLEEP ! sweet friend of humankind,  
 Whose magic chains all joy to wear,  
 Who, soother of the afflicted mind,  
 Strew'st roses on the bed of care ;

'Twas thou, o'er PSYCHE's fluttering soul,  
 Benignly shedd'st thine opiate charms ;  
 Spell-bound she own'd thy mild controul,  
 Soft cradled in thy downy arms :

Till wafted on young ZEPHYR's wings  
 To a fair vale's sequester'd bowers ;  
 Who the unconscious maiden brings,  
 And lays her on a couch of flowers.

## VIII.

She wakes—and to her glad survey  
Rise round her, high o'er-arching trees,  
Whose branches gemm'd with blossoms gay,  
Throw perfumes to the lingering breeze.

And, shaded from the noon-tide beam,  
There slowly, slowly curling roll'd  
Its silvery waves a lucent stream  
O'er sands of granulated gold.

And in the centre of the wood,  
Not such as kings inhabit here,  
A vast and tower-flank'd palace stood,  
Nor such as mortal hands could rear.

Of ivory was the fretted roof,  
On golden columns proudly rais'd,  
And silver carvings massy proof  
The walls of ebony emblaz'd.

Round lustres wreaths of diamonds fix'd,  
Their prismatic rays profusely pour,  
And amethysts with emeralds mix'd  
Inlay the tessellated floor.

While thus the startled stranger greet,  
Within no earthly form confin'd,  
Voices, as distant music sweet,  
That floats upon the evening wind :

“ Lull to rest this causeless fear ;  
“ PSYCHE ! thou art mistress here.  
“ Happy beyond human measure,  
“ Slake thy thirsting soul in pleasure ;  
“ Slaves to thy majestic lover,  
“ Air-form'd sprites around thee hover,  
“ Ever for thy bidding stay,  
“ Instant thy commands obey.”

And ere the lingering word is said,  
Quick as the lightning glance of thought,  
With sumptuous fare the banquet's spread,  
By her aerial servants brought.

And flute, and harp, and voice to fill  
The choral harmony unite,  
And make each raptur'd nerve to thrill,  
And vibrate with intense delight.

Swiftly the happy hours are fled ;  
For night invites her to repose,  
And on the silk-embroider'd bed  
Her wearied frame the virgin throws.

Now darkness o'er the silent sphere  
Her raven-tinctur'd reign assumes—  
She stops her breath, she chills to hear  
The rustling sound of waving plumes.



All hush'd around—no friend beside—

Her heart beats high with new alarms !

The dreaded husband claims his bride,

And folds her in his eager arms !

Yet while thick shades are o'er them spread,

(How hard that lovely couch to scorn !)

Soft-gliding from the nuptial bed,

He flies before the golden morn.

While viewless harps incessant ring

To greet her on her bridal day,

And viewless minstrels gaily sing

The Hymeneal roundelay.

And aye when Eve in grateful hour

Sheds odours from her dewy wings,

The UNKNOWN seeks his mystic bower,

And to the expectant fair-one springs :

In frantic passion's giddy whirl  
 Past, quickly past, his transient stay,  
 He still eludes the curious girl,  
 And steals unseen, unfelt, away ;

Ere from the bosom of the Night  
 Young twilight scents the matin air,  
 And in her gray vest rises light,  
 Spangled with gems her musky hair.

## IX.

Though circling o'er, the laughing hours  
 In still-increasing raptures roll'd,  
 Oft gleams the path besprent with flowers  
 With tints too clear, too bright to hold !

Thus speaks the INVISIBLE, and sighs,  
 And clasps her in his warm embrace,  
 While the large tear-drops from his eyes  
 Fall frequent on her burning face :

“ Life of my beating heart ! o’er thee  
   “ Impending danger scowls : beware !  
 “ With anxious soul I shuddering see  
   “ The cruel fates their lures prepare.

“ Soon shall thy sisters seek thee near,  
   “ With loud lament and piercing wail,  
 “ And thou each well known voice shalt hear,  
   “ Borne fitful on the moaning gale.

“ Then, though thy very soul will yearn  
   “ To bid thy messengers convey  
 “ The wish’d-for visitants ; O turn !  
   “ Turn from their plaints thine ear away.

“ If nature’s feelings conquer still,  
   “ And thou must wayward tempt thy fate,  
 “ Thou know’st, obedient to thy will,  
   “ What mystic menials round thee wait.

“ Yet, as thou’dst shun eternal bale,  
“ Or never-ceasing misery dread,  
“ Our dark mysterious union veil  
“ In the deep silence of the dead.

“ For these the truths the Fates unfold :  
“ We in these bowers may ever dwell,  
“ If mortal eye shall ne’er behold  
“ This form, nor tongue my secrets tell.

“ While from our glad embrace will rise,  
“ Pure from all taint of earthly leaven,  
“ An infant inmate of the skies,  
“ The fairest of the host of heaven.

“ Then spare thyself, thy husband spare,  
“ And spare thy child, as yet unborn ;  
“ Dash not the dark clouds of despair  
“ Upon the ruddy hues of morn.”

## X.

Gaily we launch our little bark,  
 The sun-beams on the waters play,  
 While close behind the ravenous shark  
 Expecting waits his destin'd prey.

We sail along the whirlpool's brink,  
 Unheeding join the song of glee,  
 But ah ! too late aghast we shrink,  
 When whelm'd beneath the treacherous sea.

PSYCHE has heard the warning strain—  
 Resistless wishes restless spring,  
 She slights the strain, and bids her train  
 Of swift-wing'd sprites her sisters bring.

Her childhood's friends she joys to meet,  
 No shade of danger here can find :  
 Though mingled in communion sweet,  
 They cannot sound the viewless mind.

Lock'd in her ever-faithful breast,  
 Her secret all discovery braves,  
 Safe as the orient pearl will rest  
 Beneath unfathomable waves.

“ And who is he whose natal star  
 “ With such unrivall'd splendor shines,  
 “ Whose countless stores exceed so far,  
 “ All India's inexhausted mines ?”

“ O ! 'tis a youth whose ruddy cheek  
 “ Vies with the morn's vermilion dye,  
 “ Or emulates the clouds that streak  
 “ With crimson tints the evening sky.

“ And mantled he in lively green  
 “ Up the high mountain joys to go,  
 “ Or in the wild-wood chace is seen  
 “ The foremost with his silver bow.”

Homeward the sisters now return,  
 Their bosoms charg'd with deadly hate,  
 And with excessive envy burn,  
 And curse their own inferior fate.

## XI.

Exulting PSYCHE bids again  
 The obedient sprites her sisters bear ;  
 Borne by the ministering train,  
 Again arrive the baleful pair.

“ And who is he whose natal star  
 “ With such unrivall'd splendor shines,  
 “ Whose countless stores exceed so far  
 “ All India's inexhausted mines ?”

“ O ! he is one unbroke by care,  
 “ The rose of beauty lingers yet,  
 “ Though here and there a hoary hair  
 “ Gleams silvery 'midst his locks of jet.”

“ Cease, cease those fables,” swift replied  
 One sister with unfeeling scorn,  
 And “ cease thy tales,” the other cried,  
 “ Nor strive to hide thy state forlorn.”

“ Still ever erring from the truth,  
 “ Thy childish tongue deceitful ran—  
 “ Thy husband neither glows with youth,  
 “ Nor the gray honors boasts of man ;

“ He wears no human form—we know  
 “ Unerring are the words of heaven ;  
 “ And of all humankind the foe  
 “ Thee for a mate the gods have given.

“ We know him well—then wherefore hide  
 “ From thy dear sisters’ love thy care,  
 “ Nor to our kindred breasts confide  
 “ The ills that thou art doom’d to bear !”



Then as they wipe the artful tear,  
 Loud on the pitying Gods they call,  
 Till sooth'd by love, or urg'd by fear,  
 The trembling PSYCHE tells them all.

“ We knew it well !—nay, do not start,”  
 The base malignant fury cried,  
 “ We know, unhappy girl ! thou art  
 “ A vast and venom'd serpent's bride.

“ We learnt it from the neighbouring hinds,  
 “ Who every night his form survey,  
 “ As through yon crystal stream he winds  
 “ In slimy folds his sinuous way.

“ Or as at day-break he along  
 “ In many a spiral volume trails,  
 “ And vibrates quick his forky tongue,  
 “ And glitters in his burnish'd scales.

" Yes ! though with heaven's own transports warm  
 " Thy soul in boundless rapture swims,  
 " Soon, coil'd around thy slender form,  
 " He'll writhing crush thy mangled limbs !"

Thus the hyæna speaks and weeps—  
 Cold damps on PSYCHE'S forehead start,  
 Her tingling flesh with horror creeps,  
 The life-blood curdling in her heart.

All ghastly pale her beauteous cheek,  
 She throws her moonstruck gaze around,  
 Utters a feeble, faltering shriek,  
 And senseless sinks upon the ground.

Then as some parch'd and withering flower  
 Reviving sucks the evening dew,  
 To bide the insufferable power  
 Of the meridian sun anew ;

So, when the UNKNOWN'S distracted wife  
 Recovers her unwelcome breath,  
 She only hails returning life  
 To shudder at approaching death.

## XII.

The sisters still their schemes pursue,  
 Their vengeance ripens in the bud,  
 And thus they urge her to embrace  
 Her weak and inn'cent hands in blood.

“ Cut thou the knot the Fates have tied,  
 “ Nor let dismay thine efforts damp,  
 “ But in the figur'd tap'stry hide,  
 “ To guide thy stroke, this faithful lamp.

“ And take this dagger keen and bright,  
 “ And when his eyes are clos'd in rest,  
 “ Directed by the friendly light,  
 “ Deep plunge it in the monster's breast.”

Thou who in love's soft dreams has felt,  
 Whilst envying Gods were hovering near,  
 Thy soul in sweet delirium melt,  
 Say, canst thou slay thy lover dear ?

And canst thou spread thy murderous toils  
 For him thy soul's best joy of late ?  
 Ah me ! her sickening heart recoils,  
 Disgusted from her viperous mate.

## XIII.

Her mantle o'er them Darkness throws,  
 On the UNKNOWN soft languors creep,  
 Who leaves his false one to repose,  
 And sinks into the arms of sleep.

Now trembling, now distracted ; bold,  
 And now irresolute she seems ;  
 The blue lamp glimmers in her hold,  
 And in her hand the dagger gleams.

Prepar'd to strike she verges near,  
The blue light glimmering from above,  
The HIDEOUS SIGHT expects with fear,  
—And gazes on the GOD OF LOVE !

Not such a young and frolic child  
As poets feign, or sculptors plan ;  
No, no, she sees with transport wild,  
Eternal beauty veil'd in man.

His cheek's ingrain'd carnation glow'd  
Like rubies on a bed of pearls,  
And down his ivory shoulders flow'd  
In clustering braids his golden curls.

Soft as the cygnet's down his wings ;  
And as the falling snow-flake fair,  
Each light elastic feather springs,  
And dances in the balmy air.

The pure and vital stream he breathes,  
    Makes e'en the lamp shine doubly bright,  
Which its gay flame enamour'd wreathes,  
    And gleams with scintillating light.

There loosely strung that bow was hung,  
    Whose twanging cord Immortals fear,  
And on the floor his quiver flung,  
    Lay stor'd with many an arrow, near.

Grasp'd in her sacrilegious hands,  
    She with the arrows play'd and laugh'd—  
The crimson on her finger stands,  
    She's wounded by the poison'd shaft !

The red blood riots in her veins,  
    Her feverish pulses wildly beat,  
Whilst every waken'd fibre strains  
    And throbs with palpitating heat.

With eyes, where sparkling rapture swims,  
She contemplates his sleeping grace,  
Hangs fondly o'er his well turn'd limbs,  
And joins to his her fervid face.

But as her views intent to foil,  
Or as that form it long'd to kiss,  
Dropt from the lamp, the burning oil,  
Arous'd him from his dreams of bliss.

Sudden loud thunders shake the skies,  
The enchanted palace sinks around,  
And sanguine-streaming fires arise,  
Meteorous from the trembling ground.

And swift as when in fury hurls  
Jove's red right arm the forky light,  
The wounded Godhead eddying whirls  
Into the heaven of heavens his flight.

## XIV:

In vapoury twilight damp and chill,  
The languid star fades pale away,  
The high peak of the distant hill  
Is gilded by the gleams of day.

And who is that distracted fair  
Reclin'd beneath yon spreading yew?  
Swoln are her eyes, her dark brown hair  
Is pearly with the morning dew.

Her spring of life now seems to flag,  
In wild delirium now she raves—  
O, see! from that o'erjutting crag  
She plunges in the foaming waves!

But he who o'er the stream presides  
The frantic girl in pity bore,  
Quick darting through his billowy tides,  
In safety to the opposing shore.



There in a bower with wood-moss lin'd,  
 With vi'lets blue, and cowslips gay,  
 Old PAN, by CANNA'S side reclin'd,  
 Sung many a rustic roundelay.

While wandering from his heedless eyes,  
 His white goats cropt the neighbouring brake,  
 The God in this unfashion'd guise  
 With no ungentle feelings spake :

“Sweet girl ! though rural is the air  
 “ That I the king of shepherds wear,  
 “ As assay'd silver, tried, and sage,  
 “ And prudent, are the words of age.  
 “ Then list, O list, sweet girl, to me !  
 “ By my divining power I see,  
 “ Both from thy often-reeling pace,  
 “ And from thy pale and haggard face,

“ And from thy deep and frequent sigh,  
 “ While grief hangs heavy on thine eye,  
 “ That all the ills thou’rt doom’d to prove,  
 “ Are judgments of the GOD of LOVE.  
 “ Then list, O list, sweet girl, to me,  
 “ Seek not by death thy soul to free,  
 “ But cast thy cares, thy griefs away,  
 “ To CUPID without ceasing pray,  
 “ And soon that soft luxurious boy  
 “ Will tune anew thy mind to joy.”

## XV.

The shipman seeks his native vales,  
 He’s come afar from o’er the sea,  
 He longs to tell his wond’rous tales  
 Of dangers on the stormy lee.

He’ll tell the wonder-stirring tales  
 To those dear friends he left behind—  
 Ah me ! within his native vales  
 His sickening soul no friend can find.

Thus PSYCHE to one sister goes,  
 That sister's vital spark is fled :  
 To meet the other next she rose,  
 But she is number'd with the dead.

And she will seek her father's state,  
 And there her parents' blessings crave—  
 Press'd by the heavy hand of fate,  
 They too rest peaceful in the grave !

## XVI.

And now the milk-white Albatross,  
 To VENUS who in Ocean laves  
 Circed with Sea-nymphs, scuds across  
 On oary wings the rippling waves.

“ Great queen,” the feather'd chatterer said,  
 “ Know'st thou not what thy hopeful son,  
 “ Enamour'd of a worthless maid,  
 “ Has in his amorous folly done ?

" No Nymph, no Muse, thy boy adores,  
     " No Grace, no Goddess is his flame,  
 " His love he on a mortal pours,  
     " And PYSCHÉ is the damsel's name.

" And groaning now within thy fane,  
     " In anguish penitent lies he,  
 " For he too late has felt the bane  
     " Of female curiosity."

Venus then calls her doves, and soon  
     With quick step mounts her golden car,  
 Arch'd inwards like the waning moon,  
     And brilliant as the morning star.

Around her sparrows chirping play,  
     Exulting strain their little throats,  
 And all the warblers of the spray  
     Pour sweetly their mellifluous notes.

She cuts the clouds, she skims the heaven,  
 Till, reach'd the palace of the sky,  
 Her fanciful behest is given  
 To the wing'd herald MERCURY.

“ Take thou this volume in thy hand,  
 “ With PYSCHÉ's history mark'd, and name,  
 “ And thus in every clime and land,  
 “ And every state aloud proclaim—

“ If any man shall seize and bring  
 “ The flying daughter of a king,  
 “ Handmaid of VENUS, or will tell  
 “ Where PYSCHÉ now conceal'd may dwell,  
 “ Let him to Murtia straight repair,  
 “ Make the much wish'd discovery there,  
 “ And CYTHEREA, queen of charms,  
 “ Sole sovereign of extatic blisses,  
 “ Will clasp him in her grateful arms,  
 “ And greet him with seven fervid kisses !”

## XVII.

Now four long tedious moons are spent,  
 She hears no tidings of her lord,  
 Yet still her wandering steps are bent  
 In search of him her soul ador'd.

She pray'd at CERES' corn-wreath'd shrine,  
 And JUNO's altar deck'd with flowers ;  
 But sternly bound by pact divine,  
 No succour lend the pitying powers.

Till wearied with unnumber'd woes,  
 And render'd valiant by despair,  
 She to the Murtian temple goes—  
 Perchance her true love tarries there.

O, turn thee from the perilous way !  
 Ah ! wherefore work thine own annoy ?  
 Yon priestess, CUSTOM, marks her prey,  
 And eyes thee with malignant joy.

Instant she on her victim springs,  
 She mocks the unavailing prayer,  
 Furious her withered hand enrings,  
 And drags her by her flowing hair.

Then laughing VENUS bids with speed,  
 Her handmaids on the pavement throw  
 Of all the flowering plants the seed  
 That in the Hesperian gardens blow.

And she must each assort before  
 The dewfall shall the damp grass steep,  
 While sentry at the chamber door  
 SOLICITUDE and SORROW keep.

A little ant the mandate heard,  
 The oppressive mandate with disdain ;  
 For e'en the weakest 'tis averr'd  
 Will on the oppressor turn again.

And insect myriads never ceas'd  
 Their labors till the setting sun,  
 When VENUS, rising from the feast,  
 With wonder saw the hard task done.

## XVIII.

Now rose, in glory rose the morn,  
 And VENUS bids her captive go  
 To yon fair stream, whose currents, borne  
 In circling eddies, babbling flow.

“ There grazing the wild flock,” she cried,  
 “ With golden fleeces shalt thou see,  
 “ Then from the bright ram’s shaggy side,  
 “ The precious wool bring back to me.”

Trembling she goes—she gazes round,—  
 Say whence that heavenly voice proceeds,  
 That like the soft flute’s mellow sound  
 Breathes sweetly through the whispering reeds ?



“ Fierce while glares the noon-day sun,  
 “ Thou the dread adventure shun,  
 “ While the ram his rival scorns  
 “ Furious with his jutting horns ;  
 “ But beneath yon plane-tree’s shade,  
 “ In concealment be thou laid,  
 “ Till the eve-star, pale and fair,  
 “ Glimmers through the misty air ;  
 “ Then in safety may’st thou pull  
 “ From his fleece the golden wool.”

Yet though this labour she performs,  
 No grace with VENUS can she find,  
 Her stony heart no pity warms,  
 Another trial waits behind.

### XIX.

“ Down from that cloud-capt mountain’s brow,  
 “ A never-ceasing cataract pours,  
 “ Whose feathery surges dash below  
 “ In thunder on the Stygian shores ;

“ Thou on the dangerous brink must stand,  
 “ And dip this goblet in the spring :  
 “ Descending then with steady hand  
 “ The black transparent crystal bring.”

Nimble the mountain steep she'd climb,  
 But thence impervious rocks arise,  
 Whose awful foreheads frown sublime,  
 And lift their bold crags to the skies.

While horrid voices howl around,  
 “ Fly ! swiftly fly !” — “ Forbear, forbear !”  
 Vast stones, with heart-appalling sound,  
 Are hurl'd into the groaning air.

And on the right, and on the left,  
 Four ever-watchful dragons fly,  
 Flame-breathing through each dizzy cleft,  
 Their long and flexile necks they ply.

Though beauty's queen no pity feels,  
 The bold rapacious bird of Jovē  
 His succour to the afflicted deals,  
 In reverence to the God of Love.

He sees her blasted hopes expire,  
 He leaves the liquid fields of light,  
 And whirling round in many a gyre  
 Majestic wings his rapid flight.

High o'er the dragons see him tower,  
 Up-darting through the azure air!  
 And high above the stony shower  
 The bowl his crooked talons bear.

Now to the grateful maid he brings  
 The sparkling waters bright and clear,  
 Then spreads again his ample wings,  
 And soaring quits this nether sphere.

## XX.

Can beauty no compassion know ?

Sure Mercy must her bright beams dart,  
And piercing through those hills of snow,  
Melt e'en the adamantine heart !

Ah no ! by VENUS' stern command  
PSYCHE to PROSPERINE is sped ;  
Shivering she seeks the dreary land,  
The sun-less mansions of the dead.

The unopen'd casket she must bring,  
Whose weak and fragile sides entomb  
From beauty's uncreated spring  
The essence of eternal bloom.

Fearful and sad she journey'd on,  
While silence rul'd the midnight hour,  
To where the unsteady moon-beam shone  
Reflected from a ruin'd tower.

And thence she heard these warning notes,  
 Caroll'd as clear as clear might be,  
 Sweet as the mermaid's lay that floats  
 Melodious on the charmed sea.

“ Sunk her spirit, whelm'd in woe,  
 “ Does the royal captive go?  
 “ Does her heart, oppress'd with dread,  
 “ Shudder to approach the dead?  
 “ Where the cavern yawns around,  
 “ Enter there the dark profound:  
 “ Soon thy path a crippled ass,  
 “ By a cripple led, shall pass,  
 “ Fainting they beneath their task—  
 “ He assistance oft will ask,  
 “ But in these infernal lands  
 “ Touch not with unhallow'd hands,  
 “ Cautious thou, without delay  
 “ Onward, onward, speed thy way!  
 “ In old CHARON's creaking boat,  
 “ O'er the dead stream thou must float;

“ There the livid corse thou’st see  
“ Stretch his blue-swoln hand to thee,  
“ Frown thou on his suit severe,  
“ Mercy were destruction here !  
“ See those crones that on the left  
“ Weave the many-colour’d weft,  
“ See them, how they this way wend  
“ Asking thee thy aid to lend,  
“ But in these infernal lands  
“ Touch not with unhallow’d hands,  
“ Cautious thou, without delay  
“ Onward, onward, speed thy way !  
“ Dipt the sop in Hydromel  
“ Charm the three-neck’d dog of Hell ;  
“ Then from her imperial seat  
“ Thee the shadowy queen shall greet,  
“ Shall for thee the feast prepare—  
“ Thou that feast refuse to share,  
“ But upon the pavement spread  
“ Take the black and mouldy bread—  
“ By the queen soon set at large,  
“ Back now bear thy precious charge :  
“ Over all, thy curious mind  
“ In the chains of prudence bind,

“ Nor the strict command infringe,  
 “ Move not thou the golden hinge !  
 “ Gladsome then without delay  
 “ Onward, onward speed thy way !”

## XXI.

She has seen the secrets of the deep,  
 And through o'er-whelming horrors past,  
 How her recovering pulses leap,  
 To hail the day-star's gleams at last !

“ Do I then bear eternal bloom  
 “ Alone to make my tyrant shine ?  
 “ Say rather let its tints illumine  
 “ These wan and woe-worn cheeks of mine ;

“ Whilst I will revel in the rays  
 “ Of beauty in the casket hid ;”—  
 Alas ! no beam of beauty plays  
 Delightful from the lifted lid !

But from the empty casket sprang  
 Of Stygian fogs the baleful breath,  
 And heavy o'er her blanch'd frame hang  
 The damp unwholesome dews of DEATH,

## XXII.

The fields of nature to deform  
 Not always drives the furious blast,  
 And shall misfortune's moral storm  
 'Gainst meek endurance ever last?

No, though unnumber'd ills assail,  
 Though man behold no succour nigh,  
 Though with the frailest of the fail,  
 Presumption tempt the prying eye;

Yet, if the germ of virtue live,  
 Let constant faith her sufferings brave;  
 Goodness is powerful to forgive,  
 And Heaven omnipotent to save.



CUPID, with downcast, humbled mien,  
Has to the THUNDERER breath'd his care,  
The ALMIGHTY FATHER smil'd serene,  
And granted his adorer's prayer.

Now flies he joyful to her aid,  
He gently rais'd her falling head,  
With his bright arrow touch'd the maid,  
And rous'd her from her cheerless bed.

He animates anew her charms,  
Warm o'er her breathes the light of love,  
Then bears her in his circling arms,  
And stands before the throne of Jove.

But on the Sovereign of the skies  
What fleshly optics dare to gaze?  
And PSYCHE with averted eyes  
Shrinks trembling from th' excessive blaze:

'Till **HEBE** raising to her lips  
 The ambrosial Goblet foaming high,  
 Wrapt in extatic trance she sips  
 The fount of **IMMORTALITY** !

Purpled with roses dance the **HOURS**,  
 The **GRACES** scattering odours play,  
 And crown'd with never-fading flowers  
 The **MUSES** hymn the jocund lay.

And onwards up the ethereal arch  
 Glad **HYMEN** leads the festive train,  
 As o'er the rainbow's hues they march,  
 And links them in his golden chain.

While soon to bless the faithful pair ;  
 With eye of laughter, soul of flame,  
 Burst into life a daughter fair,  
 And **PLEASURE** was the infant's name.





ODES,  
CHIEFLY FROM  
THE NORSE TONGUE,  
BY  
THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS, ESQUIRE.\*

.....

\* This gentleman is the reputed author of that celebrated production, "The Pursuits of Literature."

# ODES

CHIEFLY FROM

## THE NORSE TONGUE.

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The two first Odes are taken from the Treatise of Bartholinus on the Causes of the Contempt of Death among the Danes.\*

For an account of this mythology, the Northern Antiquities of Mr. Mallet, translated in two volumes 8vo. may be consulted with advantage.

.....  
\* Barthol. De Causis Contemptae Mortis apud Danos.  
L. 2. C. 14.

ODE I.  
THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS;  
OR,  
THE DESTRUCTION OF THE  
WORLD.

### ARGUMENT.

The TWILIGHT OF THE GODS, in the Northern Mythology, is that period when Lok, the evil Being, shall break his confinement; the human race, the stars, and the sun shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies; even Odin himself, and all his kindred Gods, shall perish.

The following Ode contains a description of the events which, according to this dark mythology, will precede the destruction of the world.



## ODE. I.

### THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

---

FROM the chambers of the East,  
In robes of terror grimly drest,  
Ymir\* hath his course begun,  
Rival of th' unwearied Sun.  
Now, in many a glist'ring wreath,  
Above, around, and underneath,  
The serpent dread, of dateless birth,  
Girds the devoted globe of earth ;  
And, as charm'd by pow'rful spell,  
Ocean heaves with furious swell :  
While the vessel's† floating pride  
Stems duration's rounding tide.

.....

\* From Ymir were descended all the families of the giants.....*Edda*.

† In the poetry of the North, the earth is styled, "The vessel that floats on ages."

Trace again the solemn rhyme ;  
 From Orient's ever-teeming clime  
 I see them come,\* an evil race,  
 Bold in heart, and stern in face :  
 In turbulent array they sweep,  
 Beneath them groans the burthen'd deep  
 Fierce they rush, yet all obey  
 Monarch Lok's resistless sway.  
 Gaunt and wild with savage howl,  
 Mark the wolfish Fenris prowl ;  
 With him stalks a furious train,  
 Panting for th' ensanguin'd plain :  
 Is Beliep's brother left behind ?  
 No :—he flies on wings of wind.

Ask ye what is done above ?  
 No more in halls of joy and love,  
 The favour'd guests, profuse of soul,  
 Drain the skull or nectar'd bowl :

.....

\* The Muspelli, a sort of Genii.

What Genii shake that nodding frame ?  
 These are deeds without a name.  
 Struck with elemental jar,  
 Gods themselves come forth to war :  
 From their adamantine dome,  
 Giant tenants loosen'd roam,  
 And around each rock-hewn cell  
 With heaving groan, or fearful yell,  
 Declare what uncontrolled pow'r  
 Presiding rules the mortal hour.  
 These no acts of joy and love :  
 Know ye now what's done above ?

From the regions of the South  
 Surtur\* bursts with fiery mouth :  
 High o'er yonder black'ning shade  
 Gleams the hallow'd sun-bright blade,  
 Which, in star-bespangled field,  
 Warrior Gods encount'ring wield.

.....

\* The prince of the Genii of fire.

From the red celestial store  
 Ministers of ruin pour ;  
 Caverns yawning, mountains rending :  
 Conscious of the fate impending,  
 Ydrasil's prophetic ash  
 Nods to the air with sudden crash.  
 Monstrous female forms advance,  
 Stride the steed, and couch the lance ;  
 Armed heroes throng the plain,  
 Harbingers of Hela's\* reign ;  
 And see, from either verge of heaven,  
 That concave vast asunder riven.

Why does beauteous Lina weep ?  
 Whence those lorn notes in accent deep ?  
 A day of war !—prepare, prepare :  
 Aloft in distant realms of air,  
 Mark the murd'rous monster† stalk,  
 In printless majesty of walk.

.....

\* The Goddess of death.

† Fenris, by whom Odin was slain.

Odin fearless meets the shock,  
The towers of heaven around him rock  
Though arm'd in panoply divine,  
He yields, and owns the fated sign ;  
To the mansions drear he turns :  
In vain the beauteous Lina mourns.

Glowing with paternal fire,  
Generous rage and fierce desire,  
See Odin's offspring, Vidar bold,  
His sanguine course unfalt'ring hold.  
In vain 'gainst him, in fell accord,  
Giant forms uplift the sword ;  
He locks his foe in iron sleep,  
And stamps the filial vengeance deep.

Signs abroad portentous low'r ;  
'Tis desolation's fated hour.  
From the cavern deep and dank,  
Bonds that burst, and chains that clank,

Proclaim the grisly form canine\*  
 Loosen'd from his long confine.  
 Fiery shapes the æther wing ;  
 Surtur calls, they know their king ;  
 Dark encircling clouds absorb  
 The lustre of light's central orb ;  
 Conscious stars no more dispense  
 Their gently beaming influence ;  
 But bursting from their shaken sphere,  
 Unsubstantial disappear.  
 No more this pensile mundane ball  
 Rolls through the wide ærial hall ;  
 Ingulphed sinks the vast machine.  
 Who shall say, **THE THINGS HAVE BEEN ?**

.....  
 \* Garmar.....*Edda*.

ODE II.

THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD,

AND

FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

ARGUMENT.

The Gods (or Dæmones) meet on the top of mount Inda,  
and sing the following prophetic song of triumph.



## ODE II.

### THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD.

---

Now the spirit's plastic might,  
Brooding o'er the formless deep,  
O'er the dusk abysm of night,  
Bids creation cease to sleep !

Instant from the riven main  
Starts the renovated Earth ;  
Pine-clad mountain, shaded plain ;  
See, 'tis Nature's second birth !

Gods on Inda spread the board ;  
Such was the supreme decree :  
Swell the strains in full accord,  
Strains of holiest harmony !

“ High the sparkling beverage pour ;  
“ Be the song with horror fraught ;  
“ Mark ! the consecrated hour  
“ Lifts the soul to solemn thought.

“ Odin first inspires the verse,  
“ Gor'd by the relentless fang ;  
“ Ether felt the conflict fierce,  
“ Dying groan, and parting pang.

“ Where is now his vaunted might ?  
“ Where the terror of his eye ?  
“ Fled for aye from scenes of light :  
“ Pour the sparkling beverage high.

“ Lo ! they fleet in radiant round,  
“ Years of plenty, years of joy :  
“ Sorrow's place no more is found,  
“ Cares that vex, or sweets that cloy.

" From the kindly teeming soil,  
 " Ripen'd harvests wave unsown ;  
 " Wherefore needs the peasant's toil ?  
 " Nature works, and works alone.

" Ask ye, whose the scepter'd sway ?  
 " 'Tis to lordly Balder given :  
 " Mark him there, in bright array,  
 " Stalking through the halls of heaven.

" Hoder holds united reign ;  
 " Latest times their strength shall prove,  
 " Monarchs of the bleak domain.  
 " Know ye now what's done above ?

" Is it blest delusion's hour ?  
 " Rolls mine eye in frenzied trance ?  
 " Beams of glory round me shower ;  
 " Troops of radiant forms advance.

“ Founded on that firm-set rock,  
 “ Rising view the dome of gold,  
 “ Fix’d secure from wintry shock :  
 “ There the good, and there the bold.

“ High in tracts of troubled air,  
 “ Justice waves her awful sword :  
 “ Vice appall’d, with hideous stare,  
 “ Shrinks, ere spoke the dooming word.

“ In Nastronda’s northern plain,  
 “ Hark, th’ invenom’d portals ope :  
 “ Respite there is none of pain,  
 “ Cheerless all, without a hope.

“ Dog-ey’d Lust, Adult’ry foul,  
 “ Murder red with many a stain,  
 “ At the fatal entrance scowl,  
 “ Bound in adamantine chain.

“ Know ye what is done above ?

“ Know ye now the deeds of night ?”

They spoke : the feast of joy and love

Glow'd on Inda's glist'ring height.



ODE III.

DIALOGUE

AT

THE TOMB OF ARGANTYR.

### ARGUMENT.

Hervor repairs to the tomb of her father Argantyr, at the dead of night, and invokes his spirit to deliver up the magical sword Trifingus, which was buried with him.



ODE III.

DIALOGUE

AT

THE TOMB OF ARGANTYR.

*Herwar.*

THY daughter calls ; Argantyr, break  
The bonds of death ; she calls, awake.  
Reach me forth the temper'd blade,  
Beneath thy marble pillow laid ;  
Which once a scepter'd warrior bore,  
Forg'd by dwarfs\* in years of yore.  
Where are the sons of Angrim fled ?  
Mingled with the valiant dead.  
From under twisted roots of oak,  
Blasted by the thunder's stroke,  
Arise, arise, ye men of blood,  
Ye who prepar'd the Vulture's food ;  
Give me the sword, and studded belt ;  
Armies whole their force have felt :

.....

† Dwarfs, or *Nani*, are Cyclops in the Northern sense.

Or grant my pray'r, or mould'ring rot,  
 Your name, your deeds alike forgot.  
 Argantyr, rouse thee from thy rest ;  
 Hear, and grant my firm request.

*Argantyr.*

Daughter, I hear the magic sound  
 Mutter'd o'er this sacred ground :  
 Why call'st thou thus ? What dire intent  
 Is within thy bosom pent ?  
 No friendly hand, no parent, gave  
 My bones to rest in hallow'd grave ;  
 To me no solemn rite was paid ;  
 Here by barbaric hands convey'd,  
 In this mansion cold, forlorn,  
 My gloomy ghost shall ever mourn.  
 Think not by unceasing pray'r,  
 Hence the charmed sword to bear ;  
 For know above, in realms of light,  
 Trifingus is another's right.

*Hervor.*

Ha ! my Sire, what words accurst  
 Have from the lip of falsehood burst ?  
 Thou know'st, with thee in darkness laid,  
 Sleeps the consecrated blade :

Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,  
Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r.

*Argantyr.*

With awe my words prophetic hear ;  
Hervor, 'tis for thee I fear :  
The fates have seal'd thy offspring's doom ;  
Trifingus brings them to the tomb.

*Hervor.*

Talk not to me of future times :  
I swear, by force of magic rhymes,  
Repose the dead shall know no more,  
Till thou the gifted sword restore.

*Argantyr.*

Maid, thy warlike soul I bless,  
Who rov'st by night in armed dress,  
With spell-wrought helmet, iron proof,  
And garments wove in mystic woof ;  
Who dar'st in thrilling accents call  
The dead from their sepulchral hall.

*Hervor.*

No more this idle converse hold ;  
Once I thought thy spirit bold :

Give me forth the radiant brand ;  
 Hear, and grant my just demand.  
 Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,  
 Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r.

*Argantyr.*

Here within the fated sheath,  
 Hialmar's ruin lies beneath,  
 Wrapt in its own terrific flame ;  
 What maid but trembles at the name ?

*Hervor.*

I tremble not—the flame though bright,  
 Is but ineffectual light,  
 That plays around the buried corse,  
 With meteor glare devoid of force ;  
 I'll grasp the sword in terror drest,  
 And give thy gloomy spirit rest.

*Argantyr.*

Rash virgin, to thy pray'r I yield ;  
 Lo ! Trifingus stands reveal'd,\*  
 Blazing like the noon day sun !  
 King of men, 'tis nobly done :

.....

\* Here the sword is delivered to Hervor from the tomb.

*Hervor.*

This blade with rapt'rous joy I own,  
A greater gift than Norway's throne.

*Argantyr.*

Fond, exulting daughter, know,  
These transports work thee lasting woe ;  
By the dread sword ('tis thus decreed)  
Thy sons, e'en Hydreck's self, shall bleed.

*Hervor.*

I must to my ships repair ;  
Battle is the warrior's care.  
If in the purple fount of life  
They steep the steel in mortal strife ;  
By no ignoble stroke they fall,  
And sink with joy to Odin's hall.

*Argantyr.*

Hie thee hence from death's domain,  
With rev'rence keep Hialmar's bane ;  
Thou art of a race divine,  
Take the gift the gods assign.

*Hervor.*

Never shall Trifingus sleep,  
 But move with desolating sweep ;  
 Never fear invade my breast,  
 Nor dying sons my peace molest ;  
 If by Trifingus' stroke they fall,  
 They sink with joy to Odin's hall.

*Argantyr.*

Hark ! e'en now with sullen moan,  
 Victims twelve beneath thee groan :  
 Armed in paternal might,  
 Go forth, my child, and dare the fight :  
 Angrim's portion'd wealth is thine ;  
 Take the gift the gods assign.

*Hervor.*

Now, in the silence of the tomb,  
 Dwell undisturb'd till final doom :  
 I must tread my destin'd road,  
 And speed me from this drear abode :  
 For here, as still my steps I turn,  
 Flaky fires around me burn.

## ODE IV.

## B A T T L E.\*

WHO the deeds of war shall sing?—  
 Fingal struck the deep-ton'd string,  
 Valour's noblest, best reward,  
 Fingal chief, and Fingal bard.

Mark exulting heroes throng,  
 Starvo bold, and Trenmor strong ;  
 See the force of Gaul advance ;  
 Fergus lifts the glittering lance ;  
 Lowering there each warrior shield,  
 Like darken'd moon in starry field.  
 Hark ! they join ('twas Swaran's word)  
 Man to man, and sword to sword ;  
 Groans of dying armies fill  
 The deepen'd vale, the lofty hill,  
 As the whirlwind's rapid might  
 Breaks the silence of the night :  
 While pouring o'er the stained ground,  
 Sanguine torrents smoke around.

.....

\* The images selected from the works attributed to Ossian.

What spirit that, which mounts the blast ?  
His form with sorrow's clouds o'ercast,  
His faded hue, and sullen state.  
Speak the messenger of fate.

As the ocean's troubled roar,  
When surges sweep the whitening shore ;  
As on Morven's stormy brow  
Thousand blasts in conflict blow ;  
As the thunder's rattling march,  
Rending heav'n's affrighted arch ;  
O'er th' embattled crimson heath  
Hurtles to the voice of Death.



## ODE V.

### T U D O R.\*

FILL the horn of glossy blue,  
Ocean's bright cerulean hue ;  
Briskly quaff the flav'rous mead,  
'Tis a day to joy decreed.  
High the fame of Tudor's birth,  
Valour his, and conscious worth.

Have you seen the virgin snow,  
That tops old Aran's peering brow ;  
Or lucid web, by insect spun,  
Purpureal gleam in summer sun ?  
With such, yet far diviner light,  
Malvina hits the dazzled sight ;  
Such the reward, can Tudor's breast  
Dare to court ignoble rest ?

From the cliff sublime and hoary  
See descending martial glory ;

.....

\* See Mr. Evans's specimens of the Welsh bards.

Armed bands aloft uprear  
Crimson banner, crimson spear ;  
Venodotia's ancient boast  
Meets the pride of London's host ;  
On they move with step serene,  
And form a dreadly pleasing scene.

Heard you that terrific clang ?  
Thro' the pathless void it rang :  
Th' expecting raven screams afar,  
And snuffs the reeking spoils of war.

Have you e'er on barren strand,  
Ta'en your solitary stand,  
And seen the whirlwind's spirit speed  
O'er the dark green billowy bed ?  
Glowing in the thickest fight,  
Such resistless Tudor's might.

## ODE VI.

### AN INCANTATION,

FOUNDED ON THE

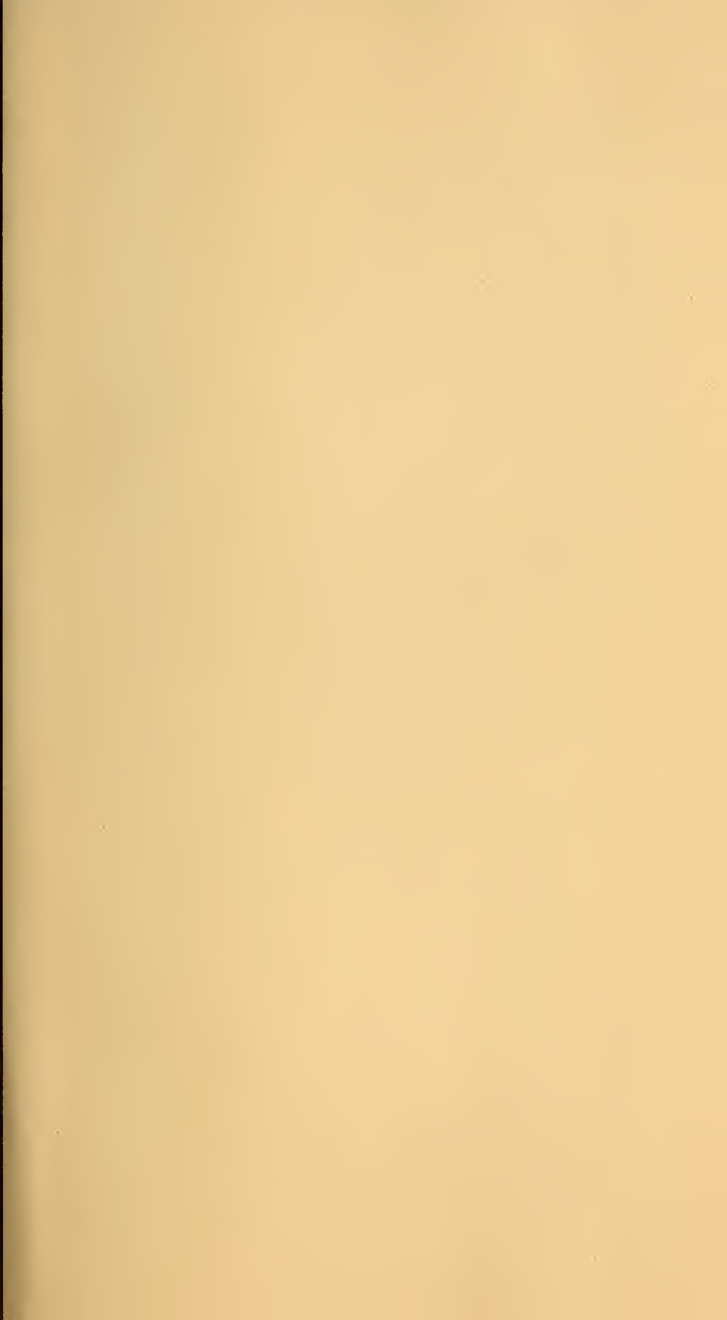
NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

HEAR, ye Rulers of the North,  
Spirits of exalted worth !  
By the silence of the night,  
By subtle magic's secret rite ;  
By Peolphán, murky King,  
Master of th' enchanted ring ;  
By all and each of hell's grim host,  
Howling demon, tortured ghost :  
By each spell and potent word,  
Burst from lips of Glauron's Lord ;  
By Coronzon's awful power ;  
By the dread and solemn hour,  
When Gual fierce, and Damael strong,  
Stride the blast that roars along ;  
Or in fell descending swoop,  
Bid the furious spirit stoop  
O'er desolation's gloomy plain,  
Haunt of warriors, battle slain.

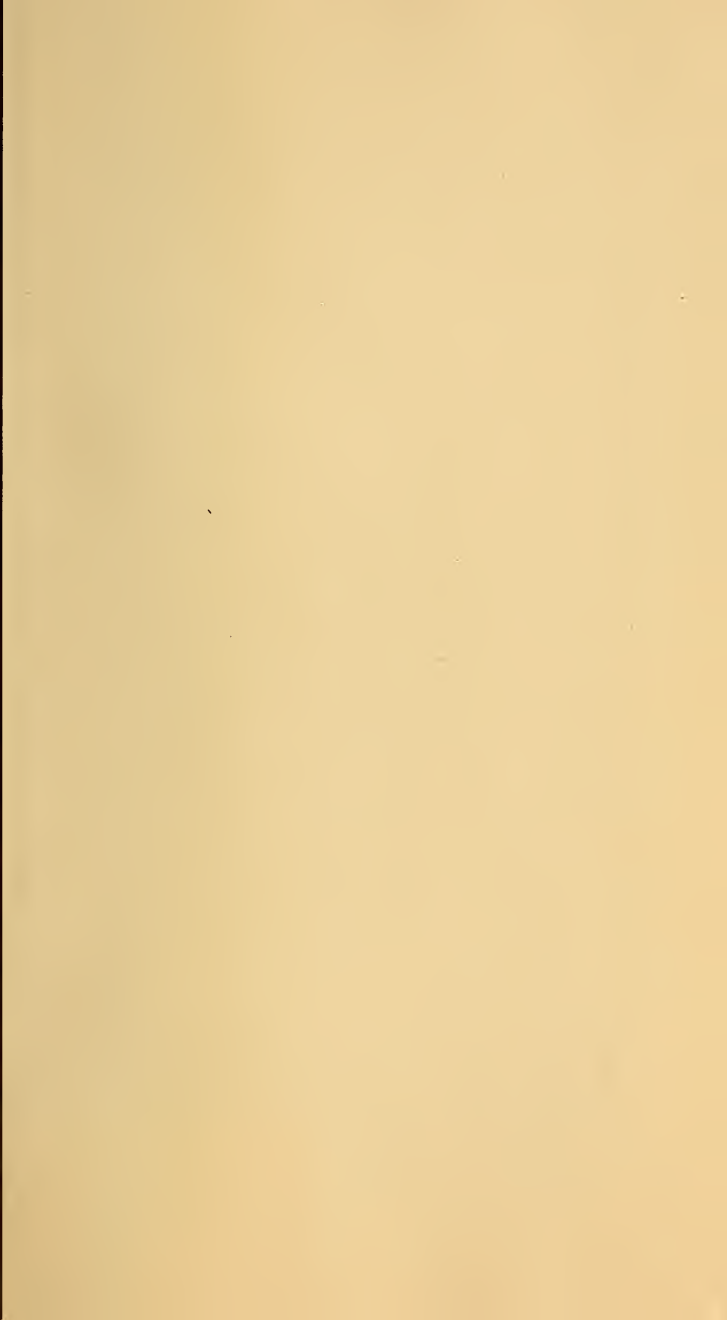
Now the world in sleep is laid,  
 THORBIORGA calls your aid.

Mark the sable feline coat,  
 Spotted girdle, velvet-wrought ;  
 Mark the skin of glistening snake,  
 Sleeping seiz'd in forest brake,  
 And the chrystal radiant stone,  
 On which day's Sovereign never shone ;  
 Mark the cross, in mystic round,  
 Meetly o'er the sandal bound,  
 And the symbols grav'd thereon,  
 Holiest Tetragrammaton !  
 Now while midnight torches gleam,  
 (Rivals of the moon's pale beam,  
 On ocean's unfrequented shore  
 Some moss-grown ruin silvering o'er,)  
 I scatter round this charmed room,  
 The fragrance of the myrrh's perfume ;  
 And bending o'er this consecrated sword,  
 Confirm each murmur'd spell, each inly thrilling  
 word.

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